THE RED HOOK

A NEW BROOKLYN COMIC BY

DEAN HASPIEL

CHAPTER 24

NEW BROOKLYN
MORGUE

MY BEAUTIFUL AVA.

THAT MAGICAL SWORD? THAT "SECRET SACRIFICE OF SOUND VICTORY" THING.

I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT THAT IS.

BUT, I DO KNOW THIS... YOU WERE MY SACRIFICE.

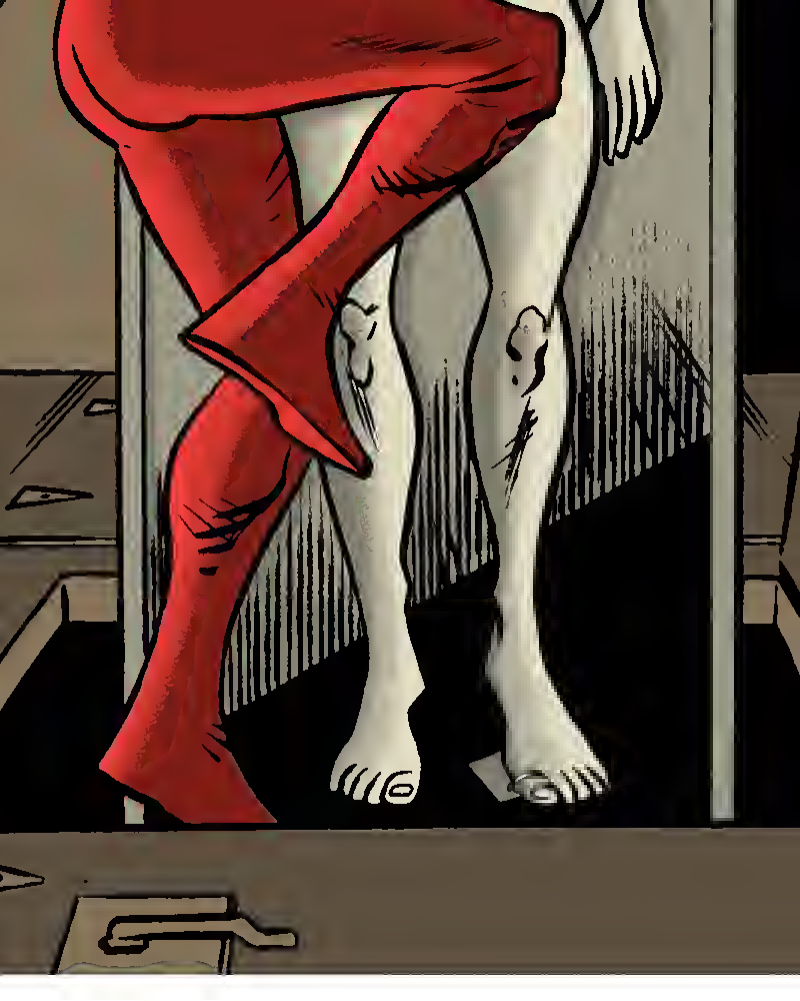
I WISH WE COULD TRADE PLACES.

I'M NOT SURE
WHAT TO DO.

HELPING STRANGERS DOESN'T
COME NATURALLY TO ME.

IT TAKES ME A LONG
TIME TO TRUST ANYONE.

REMEMBER OUR
FIRST DATE?



SNAP
A MEXICAN STAND-OFF.

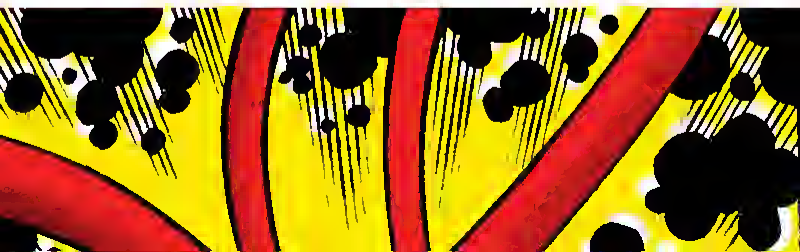
I GREW UP REJECTED BY MY MOTHER.

SHUNNED BY SOCIETY.
AND, NOW I'M LEFT HOLDING THE BAG TO HELP NEW BROOKLYN.

I'VE GOT THE COSMIC FIST OF A SUPERGOD WRAPPED AROUND MY HEART, POLICING

MY ACTIONS.

WOULD THE OMNI-FIST RELEASE ITS DEATH GRIP IF I SINCERELY HELPED PEOPLE IN NEED WITHOUT ITS THREATENING PROMPT?



AND, IF SO, CAN I EVER PASS THIS BURDEN TO ANOTHER?

WAS THERE ANY MERIT TO THE INVISIBLE LIGHT'S PLIGHT?

DOES THIS MEAN I HAVE TO GET A DAY JOB AND LIVE LIKE A NORMAL PERSON?

I WISH WE COULD TALK ABOUT THIS TOGETH--

IS THIS PAIN FROM A BROKEN HEART OR IS THE OMNI-FIST OF ALTRUISM SENDING ME A MESSAGE?

PLEASE TAKE THE VERY BEST CARE OF HER.

THANK YOU.

DECEASED

TO BE CONTINUED...